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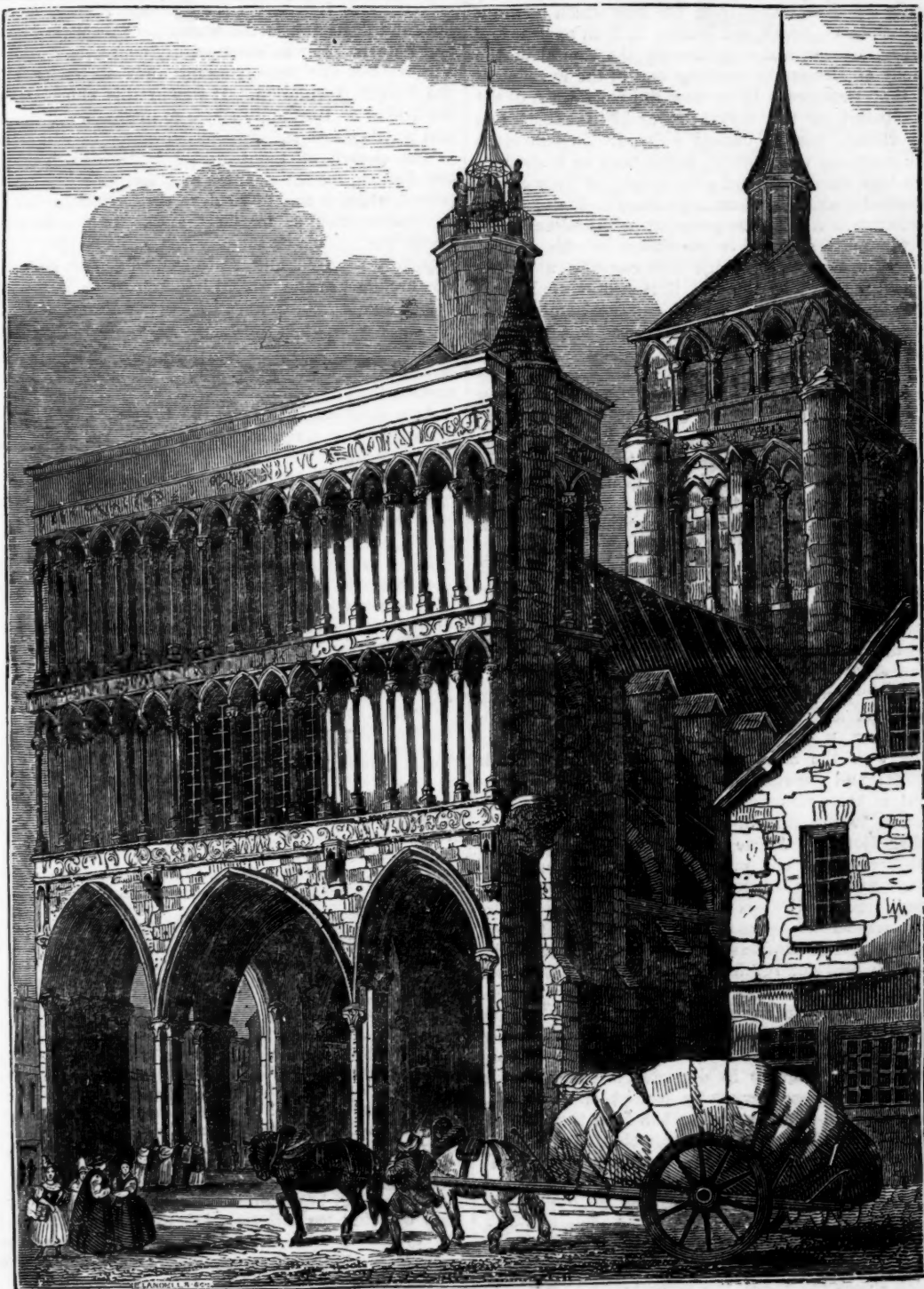
FEBRUARY



1st, 1834.

PRICE
ONE PENNY.

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE COMMITTEE OF GENERAL LITERATURE AND EDUCATION,
APPOINTED BY THE SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE.



THE CHURCH OF NOTRE DAME, AT DIJON.

THE CHURCH OF NOTRE-DAME, AT DIJON.

THIS church, of which we have given a view in the preceding illustration, is, in France, esteemed to be one of the purest specimens of Gothic architecture that exist. It is curious in its appearance, and interesting as a subject of comparison with the more splendid and celebrated edifices described in this work.

The town of Dijon stands in the interior of France, at about eighty miles from its eastern limit, and at nearly equal distances from the seas which bound it on the North, South, and West. It is an ancient and well-built town, and was formerly the capital of the Duchy of Burgundy, and the seat of the Parliament of that province. It is now the chief town of the department of the *Côte-d'Or*, and, in extent and importance, may be classed with our English cities of Exeter and Worcester. It possesses an University of a high character; and an Academy of Science and Literature, which has long maintained a distinguished reputation. Among the principal public edifices, one of the most striking is the palace of the ancient Dukes of Burgundy, which now contains a gallery of painting and sculpture. It is surmounted by an extensive tower, which once bore the name of the *terrasse du logis du Roi*, and is now used as the Observatory of the Academy.

The churches of Dijon are numerous, and among them, the Church of Notre-Dame is the most worthy of attention. Its origin is commonly attributed to Saint Louis, and it is, in many respects, similar to the church at Mantes, also ascribed to that monarch. The period of its foundation, is generally supposed to be the middle of the thirteenth century; but there is no account of its consecration, until 1334. The western, or principal front, resembles in some degree, the southern porch of the Cathedral at Chartres. It has an open portico, which presents three arches in front, and extends two arches in depth. The doorways are ornamented with columns crowded together in a singular manner; and on some of them, statues, which have been destroyed, were once placed. The canopies which project above, consist of architectural models, exhibiting, for the most part, a repetition of the same subject. The space over the arches, was originally occupied with figures; and a species of Roman or Arabesque ornament is there observed, which indicates an approximation to the Roman style, not unfrequent in the earlier Gothic. Above this portico, two series of arches rise, the one upon the other, and each supported by a long range of nineteen columns. The plan of the building is a Latin cross. One of the most remarkable circumstances in its architecture, is the extreme thinness of its walls. Those of the turrets, which rise 100 feet above the roof, are not six inches thick, and others are in the same proportion. The shafts which are used in ornamenting the interior of the tower, are, some of them, only seven inches in diameter to twenty feet in length, and others, only five and a half inches in diameter, although fifteen feet long. These frequently consist of one single stone, and are all entirely detached from the wall.

The clock which belongs to this church, is curious in itself, and remarkable for the associations connected with it. It formed a part of the spoils of the town of Courtrai, which was sacked by Philippe le Hardi, in 1384, on the occasion of suppressing a revolt of the Flemings. "The Duke of Burgundy," says Froissart, "had taken down a curious clock which struck the hours, the handsomest that was to be seen on either side of the sea, which he had

packed up, and placed on carts with its bell, and carried to Dijon, where it was put up, and there strikes the hours day and night." This clock was ornamented with two moveable figures, and is one of the earliest specimens of a regulated horological machine, which history mentions.

Of the other churches of Dijon, the most remarkable is the Cathedral of Saint-Benigne, the spire of which has an elevation of 375 feet. Behind the choir of this church, there formerly existed an ancient circular temple, which was said to have been erected A.D. 173, under the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, and dedicated to the worship of Jupiter, Mars, and Saturn. It was subsequently consecrated to the Virgin; but was entirely swept away at the time of the French Revolution. It was in this church, that the Dukes of Burgundy swore to maintain the rights and privileges of the province.

The church of Saint-Michel is distinguished by the French, for the richness and magnificence of its portal, which is said to yield, in those respects, to but few ecclesiastical edifices in France. It was erected about the middle of the eleventh century, and subsequently repaired and restored at different periods. The architect of the present building was a native of Dijon, and is said, to have been a friend and pupil of the celebrated Michael Angelo. The general effect of the interior is, however, described as heavy and displeasing; and the whole edifice is, perhaps, more curious than beautiful.

At a short distance from the town of Dijon, there formerly stood a celebrated *Chartreuse*, or monastery of Carthusians, where the ashes of several Dukes of Burgundy were deposited. The *mausolea* which contained them, are said to have been among the most beautiful monuments of art existing in France; but they were demolished during the Revolution.

Dijon is remarkable for the number of eminent men which it has produced. It was the birth-place of Bossuet, Cr  billon, Piron, and many other distinguished characters. It has, however, greatly declined in importance from its former state, and its population is now much less than it was two centuries ago.

THE TURKISH MARTYR.

ABOUT fifteen years ago, there resided in the city of Smyrna two tanners, the one, named Mustapha, a native of the island of Mitylene, a Turk by birth and religion, but speaking the Greek language; the other, a Greek of Athens, and a Christian.

The Turk, who was frequent in his visits to his neighbour's shop, was much struck with the manner of Californius, an open-hearted boy of fourteen, whom he occasionally found reading.

"What book is that?" one day inquired Mustapha. "My *Ketab*," replied the boy, meaning the Holy Scriptures, which had been given him a short time before.

The Turk requested Californius to read a portion to him. "Not so," replied the boy. "If," added he, with his usual simplicity, "you were a Christian, the case would indeed be different."

The Turk rose and left the shop; but scarcely was he out of sight before Demetrius, the elder Greek, fell upon his brother, upbraiding him for his inconsiderate answer.—"What have you done?" exclaimed he; "how could you speak to the Turk of becoming a Christian? Do you not know that he can inform against us? We shall then be both sent to prison, our property will be seized, and, perhaps, even death may be the consequence of your rashness."

The poor boy began to weep bitterly, for his brother's fears were but too well grounded; the tyrannical law of Turkey having made it a crime for a Christian even to speak of his religion to a Mohammedan, and to name his conversion, a capital offence.

In a few moments the Turk re-entered; he insisted on knowing the cause of his favourite's tears, and, on his

brother's leaving the shop, Californius confessed the whole.—"By all that is holy," said Mustapha, "I swear that I will not inform against you; only read to me a part of your *Ketab*." The boy complied, and the Turk listened with the most profound attention.

From this time, Mustapha, watching from his window the departure of Demetrius, would repair to the young Christian for further information. Four months passed in this manner, during which the word of God found its way into the heart of the Turk, who resolved to abjure the false faith of Mohammedanism, and embrace the Christian religion. With this view, he disposed of his business, and repaired to a Greek priest at Smyrna, to whom he made known his desire to be baptized.

But so rare and remarkable a circumstance is it for a Turk to embrace Christianity, that the priest looked upon the application as a snare, to betray him to death, and earnestly besought the Turk to leave him. Mustapha applied to another, but was dismissed with the same entreaty, "for God's sake leave me."

Distressed and mortified at this unexpected check, the mind of Mustapha almost sunk in despair. One resource alone remained,—the monks of Mount Athos. To them he repaired; but, though their body is numerous, they, every one, like the priests at Smyrna, refused to give ear to his entreaties. Knowing the jealousy with which the Turks eyed their order, they deemed it necessary to observe a greater degree of caution against any arts which might be practised upon them by the Mohammedans.

Dismissed from the convent as a hypocrite, Mustapha resolved to apply to the hermits who inhabit the caves and grottoes of Mount Athos, and are, in some degree, dependent on the convent. With this intention he entered the dismal habitation of an aged recluse, to whom he made known the circumstances of his conversion, and the reception he had experienced from the Christian priests, to whom he had applied for baptism. The venerable old man was much affected, but, fearing to offend the monks, would not venture to perform the rite, perhaps, also, entertaining some doubt as to the Turk's sincerity. Again rebuffed, he bent his steps towards the brow of the mountain with a heavy heart.

A young priest, who happened to be with the recluse, offered to conduct him through the wood, and employed every means of comforting him, but Mustapha refused to listen, and burst into an agony of tears. The priest's heart melted at the sight.—"My dear friend," said he, "have you then, in truth, a sincere desire to become a Christian?" "Do not these tears show you the fervency of my wishes?" exclaimed Mustapha.

"Then follow me," said the priest; "here is a cave which will afford you shelter; remain here, and I will daily bring you food, and converse with you on the nature of Christianity." Mustapha remained several months in this grotto, and the young priest daily brought him food, as well as spiritual comfort.

In the mean while, the old hermit, who had been much struck with the fervour of the Turk's manner, not unfrequently reproached himself for sending him away with so much seeming indifference. He one day named his regret to the young priest, and expressed a wish to see the Turk once more. The priest smiled, and offered to conduct him to the place of his concealment. The meeting was one of mutual gratification, and Mustapha's admission into the Christian church took place a few days after.

He continued to reside with his friends on Mount Athos, for several years, but his ardent spirit would not let him rest here. He had an aged mother, and a brother at Mitylene, and his soul thirsted to bring them to the knowledge of the true faith. After duly considering the risk he might run, he left his peaceful and secure retreat, and took shipping for Cydonia.

This flourishing city is chiefly inhabited by Greeks, at least, prior to the revolution, there were but few Turks there, except such as held official situations. One of these, recognising the new convert, by a scar on his forehead, ordered the vessel, which was on the point of putting off for Mitylene, to be seized, and the Turk to be brought before a magistrate. Without hesitation, Mustapha acknowledged himself a Christian, and declared his determination to die rather than renounce his faith. The magistrate commanded him to be taken to prison, and placed on the rack; but, under the most agonizing torments, Mustapha continued firm.

This circumstance soon became known in the town,

and caused a great sensation among the Christians. A Greek, named Georgius, who had an academy at the place, immediately assembled the scholars of his first class, consisting of youths of about twenty years of age, and related to them the melancholy fate of the Turk, and called upon them to offer up supplications in his behalf. "But it is not enough that we pray for him," continued Georgius, "we must also endeavour to visit him in prison, to comfort and console him. Which of you will adventure his life in this undertaking?"

"I, I," re-echoed from all sides, and a contest arose among the lads for the honour of this dangerous enterprise. John Skonzes, a young Athenian, at length claimed the preference, a countryman of his having been the first instrument, under Divine Providence, which led to the prisoner's conversion. To him, therefore, the others yielded, and the following stratagem was resorted to, to gain admission into the prison. Skonzes disguised himself as a bricklayer, and took the road to Magnesia: while a Greek of the same trade, went to the magistrate, and charged his apprentice with having decamped to Magnesia, with a sum of money. Pursuit was instantly made. Skonzes was arrested, and sentenced to confinement in the same prison as the Turk, it being the only one in the city.

But what were the feelings of Skonzes when he beheld the unfortunate Turk. Exhausted from the tortures of the rack, Mustapha lay with his feet suspended by a rope from the ceiling, and his head dragging on the ground. In this condition he was to remain, till he should renounce Christianity. With difficulty Skonzes suppressed his compassion and his indignation, but he kept quiet till midnight, when, watching the other prisoners till they fell asleep, he stole softly to the Turk, sought to comfort him, and assured him of the cordial sympathy of his fellow Christians, and that their compassion for his fate, had been the motive of his seeking imprisonment.

"I thank you for your love towards me," replied the martyr, "but praised be God, I stand in need of no encouragement. I shall continue faithful to the end."

In a few days, Mustapha was conveyed to Constantinople. Rewards and allurements were held out on every side; liberty, riches, and a lovely bride were promised, on the only condition that he should return to the Mohammedan faith. But in vain. Tortures, still more excruciating than those which he had endured at Cydonia were resorted to, but they, too, were unable to shake his Christian confidence. He was then sentenced to be beheaded, and the same Almighty power that had sustained his spirit on the rack, was with him in his hour of need.

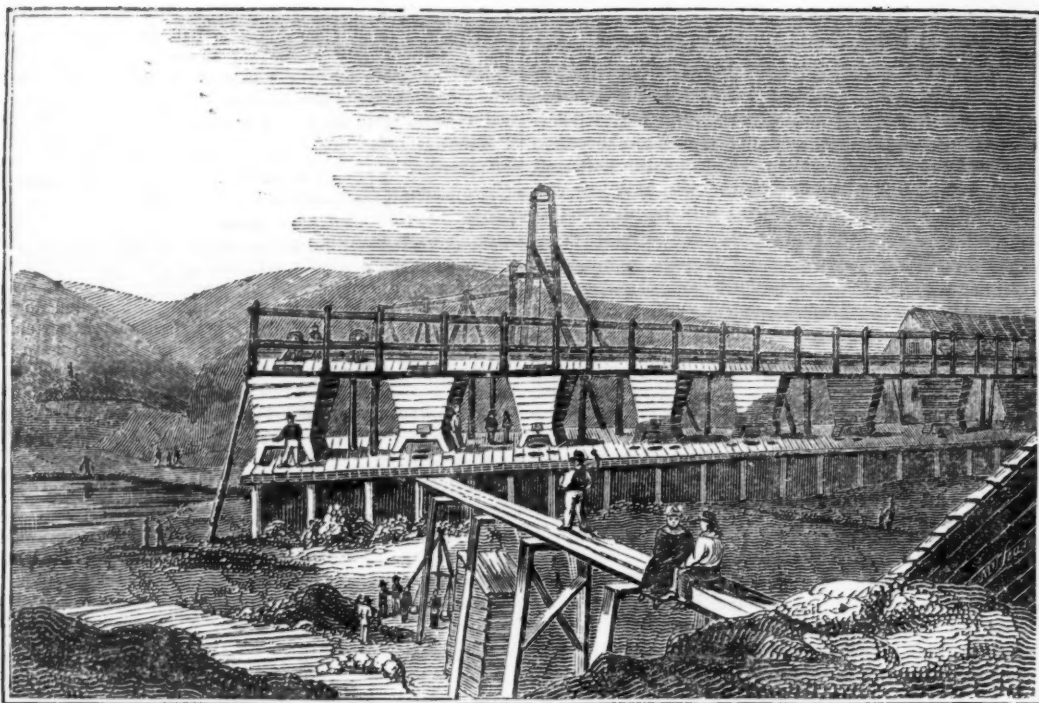
This story was related to M. Fenger, a Danish missionary from Copenhagen, by a Greek of Smyrna, one of the scholars at Cydonia, who was fully acquainted with all the circumstances of Mustapha's untimely fate.

THE MINES OF GREAT BRITAIN.

II. THE COPPER MINES OF CORNWALL.

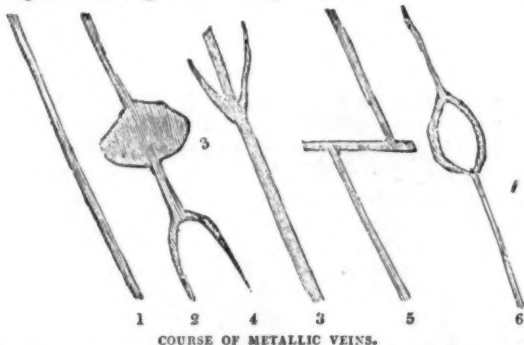
IN our account of the Botallack Mine, (Vol. III., page 178,) we slightly noticed the history of the art of mining; in the present paper, we shall describe more fully the mode of procuring the ore, and the means employed to prepare it for the market.

Rocks of most kinds are traversed in every direction by cracks or fissures, having, in many instances, the appearance of those formed in clay and mud, while gradually becoming dry during hot-weather. These fissures are in general filled with substances formed of materials differing from the rocks in which they are situated. When they contain minerals, partly composed of any kind of metal, they are called *metallic veins, lodes, or courses*. Metallic veins are only found in what are called the *primitive* rocks, as granite and slate, and in general, their course is from East to West. A vein seldom consists of metal in a pure and malleable state, on the contrary, it is almost always found in chemical combination with other substances; in this state it is called an *ore*, and the metal is separated from it, by a process called *smelting*. The thickness, extent, and direction of a vein of



FOWEY CONSOLS COPPER-MINE.

metal, depends on many circumstances; in general, its course downwards is in a slanting direction, more or less inclined; if it continues in a straight line, and of a uniform thickness, it is called a *rake* (1); if it occasionally swells out in places, and again contracts, it is termed a *pipe-vein* (2), and the wider parts of the vein are called *floors* (3, 3); sometimes the vein divides itself into two branches, and it is then said to *take horse* (4); in other cases, a cross-vein will interfere with it, and heave or lift it, as it were, from ten to twenty feet out of its course (5). At times it will be reduced to a mere thread, and at last, become completely obliterated, appearing again at a distance (6). In many of these cases, it is easy to perceive how difficult the task of the miner must be, in tracing these precious deposits through their rocky labyrinths.



COURSE OF METALLIC VEINS.

The mines of Cornwall are generally worked by a company of proprietors, called *adventurers*, who agree with the owner of the land, or lord of the soil, as he is usually called, to work the mine for a certain number of years, paying him, by way of rent, a proportion of the ores raised, or an equivalent in money. The grant thus made to the adventurers, is called a *set*, and the lord's rent, if paid in ore, is said to be the lord's *dish*; if paid in money, his *dues*. The adventurers divide their undertaking into shares of different magnitude, the smallest usually held,

being one sixty-fourth part. Any part of the concern held by one person, is called a *dole*, and its value is known, by its being denominated an eighth-dole, a sixteenth-dole, &c. The *bounds* or limits of a mine, are marked on the surface by masses of stone pitched at equal distances, but the property of the soil above, is entirely distinct from that of the mine beneath it; the miner, however, has the privilege of making openings or shafts at stated intervals, for the purpose of raising the ore, and admitting air to the works. In opening a new mine, considerable knowledge of the country, and of the most likely situation of the metallic veins, is of course necessary, to avoid the chance of useless labour; for it is very seldom, that the first portion of a vein containing metal, is fallen in with at a less depth than thirty fathoms, or one hundred and eighty feet from the surface.

The spot for commencing operations having been selected, a perpendicular pit, or *shaft*, is sunk, and at the depth of about sixty feet, a horizontal gallery, or *level*, is cut in the lode by two sets of miners, working in opposite directions; the ore and materials being raised in the first instance by a common windlass. As soon as the two sets of miners have cut, or *driven*, the level about 100 yards, they find it impossible to proceed, for want of air: this being anticipated, two other sets of men have been sinking from the surface two other perpendicular shafts, to meet them, from these the ores and materials may also be raised. By thus sinking perpendicular shafts a hundred yards from each other, the first level or gallery may be carried to any extent. While this horizontal work is going on, the original, or, as it is termed, the *engine-shaft*, is sunk deeper; and at a second depth of sixty feet, a second horizontal gallery or level is driven in the same direction as the first, and the perpendicular shafts are all successively sunk down to meet it; in this manner, galleries continue to be formed at different depths, as long as the state of the lode renders the labour profitable.

The engine-shaft in the mean time, is always continued to a greater depth than the lowest *level*, for the

purpose of keeping the working-shafts free from water. The object of these perpendicular shafts, is not so much to get at the ores which are directly procured from them, as to put the lode into a state capable of being worked by a number of men; in short, to make it what is termed a *mine*. It is evident, that the shafts and galleries divide the rock into solid, right-angled masses, each three hundred feet in length, and sixty in height. These masses of three hundred feet, are again subdivided by small perpendicular shafts, into three parts, and by this arrangement, the rock is finally divided into masses called *pitches*, each sixty feet in height, and about one hundred feet in length.

In the Cornish mines, the sinking the shafts, and driving the levels, is paid by what is termed *tut-work*, or task-work, that is, so much per fathom; in addition to this, the miners receive a small percentage on the ores, in order to induce them to keep the valuable portions as separate as possible from the *deads*, or rocky parts of the mass.

In addition to these horizontal and perpendicular shafts, another description of gallery is formed, called an *adit*; the use of this shaft is to drain the water from the lower part of the mine. Where the mine is formed in an exposed rock, as is the case with the Botallack mine, the adit can carry off the water, without the aid of machinery, as long as the lowest shaft is above the level of the sea; but when the shafts are sunk below that level, or that of the adit itself, recourse must be had to the assistance of steam-engines, to pump up the drainage to a sufficient height. The great Cornish adit, which commences in a valley above Carnon, receives branches from fifty different mines in the parish of Gwennap, forming, altogether, an excavation nearly thirty miles in length. The longest continued branch, is from Cardrew mine, five and a half miles in length; this stupendous drain empties itself into Falmouth harbour.

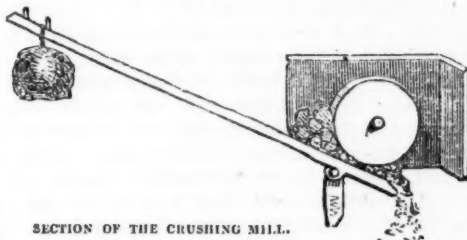
The lode, when divided as above described, is open to the inspection of all the neighbouring miners in the country, and each mass or compartment is let by public competition for two months, to two or four miners, who may work it as they choose. These men undertake to break the ores, and raise them to the surface, or as it is termed to *grass*, and pay for the whole process of *dressing* the ores, that is, preparing them for market. The men by whom the mines are worked in this manner, are called *tributers*, and their share of the value of the ore, which varies according to its richness in metal, is named *tribute*. This tribute is paid over to them every week, the mineral being disposed of at a *ticketing*, or weekly sale. In addition to the working miners, a set of men, whose experience entitles them to the office, are engaged at a stated salary, to act as overlookers, and direct the labours of the rest; those whose business lies in the mines, are called *under-ground captains*, and those employed above ground, *grass captains*.

The weekly produce of the mine being made up by the tributers, into heaps of about one hundred tons each, samples, or little bags from each heap, are sent to the agents for the different copper-companies. The agents take these to the Cornish assayers, a set of men, who (strange to relate) are destitute of the most distant notion of the theories of chemistry or metallurgy, but who, nevertheless, can practically determine, with great accuracy, the value of each sample of ore. As soon as the agents have been informed of the assay, they determine how much a ton they will offer for each

heap of ore, at the weekly ticketing. At this meeting, all the mine-agents, as well as the agents for the several copper-companies, attend, and it is singular to see the whole of the ores, amounting to several thousand tons, sold without the utterance of one single word. The agents for the copper-companies, seated at a long table, hand up individually to the chairman, a ticket or tender, stating what sum per ton they offer for each heap. As soon as every man has delivered his ticket, they are all ordered to be printed together, in a tabular form. The largest sum offered for each heap, is distinguished by a line drawn under it in the table, and the agent who has made this offer, is the purchaser.

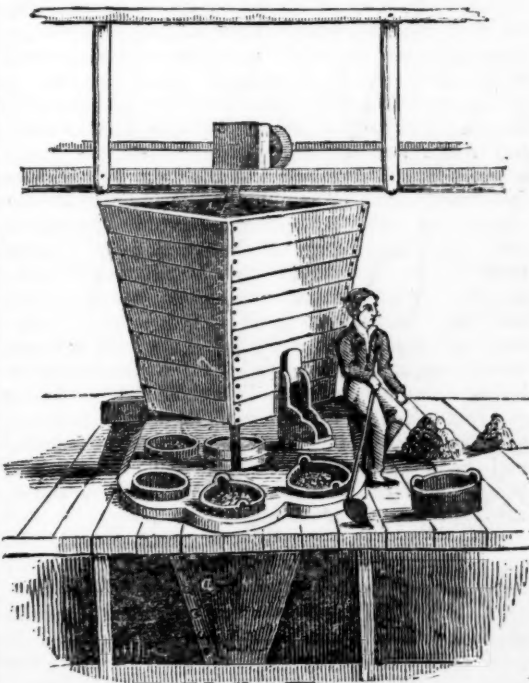
In order to prepare copper-ores for market, the first process is to throw aside the rubbish with which they are unavoidably mixed; this task is performed by children. The largest fragments of ore are then *cobbed*, or broken into smaller pieces, by women, and, after being again picked, they are given to what the Cornish miners term *maidens*, that is girls from sixteen to nineteen years of age. These maidens *buck* the ores, that is, with a bucking-iron, or flat hammer, they break them into pieces not exceeding in size the top of the finger.

The richer parts of the ore, which are more easily broken, are now crushed smaller in a kind of mill, the interior arrangement of which is shown in the diagram. The coarser portions, which are the

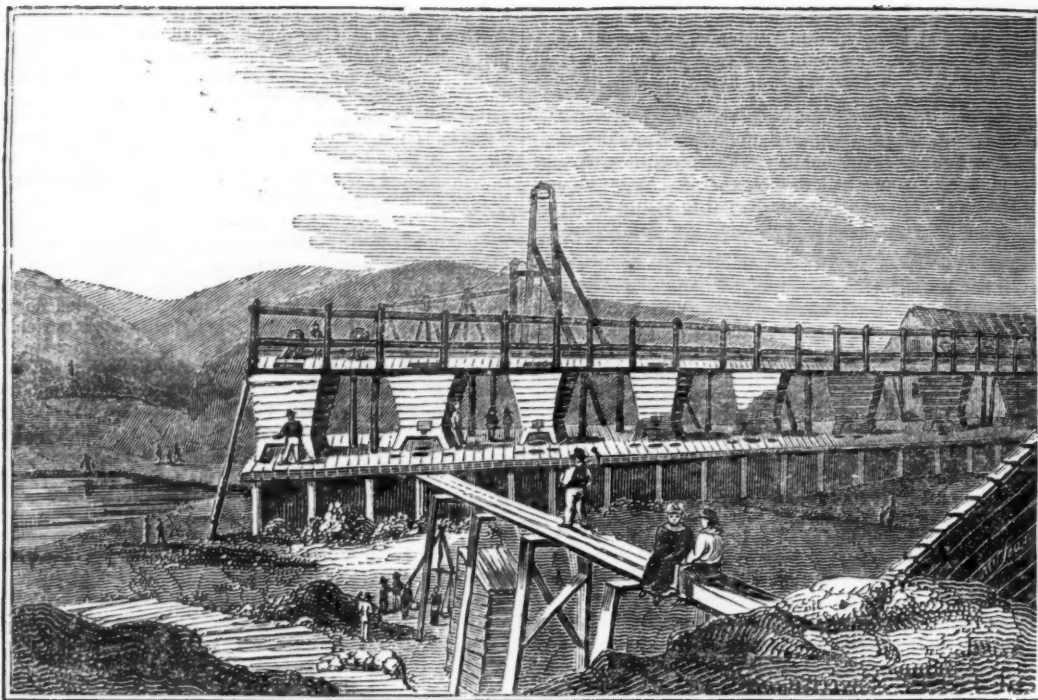


SECTION OF THE CRUSHING MILL.

hardest, are bruised in a *stamping mill*, by means of heavy weights, or hammers, which are lifted by machinery, and allowed to fall upon the ore, a stream of water constantly passing through the mass, and

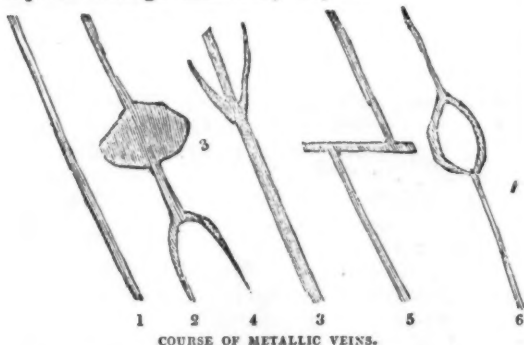


JIGGING MACHINE.



FOWEY CONSOLS COPPER-MINE.

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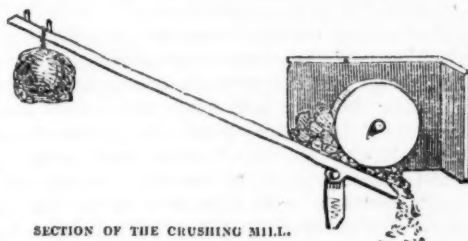
The lode, when divided as above described, is open to the inspection of all the neighbouring miners in the country, and each mass or compartment is let by public competition for two months, to two or four miners, who may work it as they choose. These men undertake to break the ores, and raise them to the surface, or as it is termed *to grass*, and pay for the whole process of *dressing* the ores, that is, preparing them for market. The men by whom the mines are worked in this manner, are called *tributers*, and their share of the value of the ore, which varies according to its richness in metal, is named *tribute*. This tribute is paid over to them every week, the mineral being disposed of at a *ticketing*, or weekly sale. In addition to the working miners, a set of men, whose experience entitles them to the office, are engaged at a stated salary, to act as overlookers, and direct the labours of the rest; those whose business lies in the mines, are called *under-ground captains*, and those employed above ground, *grass captains*.

The weekly produce of the mine being made up by the *tributers*, into heaps of about one hundred tons each, samples, or little bags from each heap, are sent to the agents for the different copper-companies. The agents take these to the Cornish assayers, a set of men, who (strange to relate) are destitute of the most distant notion of the theories of chemistry or metallurgy, but who, nevertheless, can practically determine, with great accuracy, the value of each sample of ore. As soon as the agents have been informed of the assay, they determine how much a ton they will offer for each

heap of ore, at the weekly ticketing. At this meeting, all the mine-agents, as well as the agents for the several copper-companies, attend, and it is singular to see the whole of the ores, amounting to several thousand tons, sold without the utterance of one single word. The agents for the copper-companies, seated at a long table, hand up individually to the chairman, a ticket or tender, stating what sum per ton they offer for each heap. As soon as every man has delivered his ticket, they are all ordered to be printed together, in a tabular form. The largest sum offered for each heap, is distinguished by a line drawn under it in the table, and the agent who has made this offer, is the purchaser.

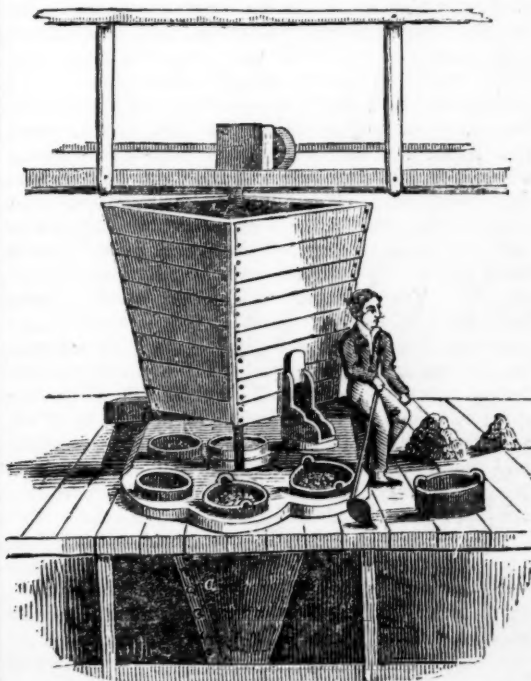
In order to prepare copper-ores for market, the first process is to throw aside the rubbish with which they are unavoidably mixed; this task is performed by children. The largest fragments of ore are then *cobbed*, or broken into smaller pieces, by women, and, after being again picked, they are given to what the Cornish miners term *maidens*, that is girls from sixteen to nineteen years of age. These maidens *buck* the ores, that is, with a bucking-iron, or flat hammer, they break them into pieces not exceeding in size the top of the finger.

The richer parts of the ore, which are more easily broken, are now crushed smaller in a kind of mill, the interior arrangement of which is shown in the diagram. The coarser portions, which are the



SECTION OF THE CRUSHING MILL.

hardest, are bruised in a *stamping* mill, by means of heavy weights, or hammers, which are lifted by machinery, and allowed to fall upon the ore, a stream of water constantly passing through the mass, and



JIGGING MACHINE.

washing away the portion which is bruised sufficiently small to pass through an iron plate, pierced with holes, and forming one side of the box in which the stampers work.

The next operation is that of *jigging*, this used to be performed entirely by boys, and consists in shaking a quantity of bruised ore in a kind of sieve, with an iron bottom to it, while under water. This occasions the heavier parts, which consist almost entirely of metal, to sink to the bottom; while the earthy matter is washed away, and the small fragments of stone, being lighter than the metal, and containing little or no ore, are left on the surface in the sieve: these are carefully skimmed off with the hand, and the remainder is piled up in heaps for sale. This process has been much improved in the works of the Fowey Consols Mines, near St. Blazey, where the more uniform action of the machinery represented at the head of this article, is employed in a part of the operation. The engraving at the foot of the last column, is an enlarged view of one of these improved jigging-machines. In this case the contents of five sieves at once are subjected to the action of water which is forced up through their perforations, by a plunger which is alternately raised and lowered violently into the water contained in the vessel *a*, beneath the platform, and immediately under the sieves.

In our first paper, we described the commencement of a miner's day, in the words of a writer in the *Quarterly Review*, and we cannot do better than employ his description of the return of these hardy labourers to the light. "But it is time the *underground captains* should come to grass, and that the whole body of subterranean labourers should be released; and those who have attended to their labours through the day, will scarcely regret to see them rising out of the earth, and issuing in crowds from the different holes or shafts around—hot—dirty—jaded; each with the remainder of his bunch of candles attached to his flannel garb. As soon as the men come to grass, they repair to the engine-house, where they generally leave their *underground clothes* to dry, wash themselves in the engine-pool, and put on their clothes, which are always exceedingly decent. By this time the *maidens* and little boys have also washed their faces, and the whole party, frequently upwards of two thousand strong, migrate across the field in groups, and in different directions to their respective homes. Generally speaking, they now look so clean and fresh, and seem so happy, that one would scarcely fancy they had worked all day in darkness and confinement. The old men, however, tired with their work, and sick of the follies and vagaries of the outside and inside of this mining world, plod their way in sober silence, probably thinking of their supper. The younger men proceed talking and laughing, and where the grass is good, they sometimes stop and wrestle. The big boys generally advance by playing at leap-frog, and the little ones run on before, to gain time to stand on their heads. As the different members of the group approach their respective cottages, their numbers of course diminish; and the individual who lives farthest from the mines, like the solitary survivor of a large family, performs the last few yards of his journey by himself."

The Sunday is kept with great attention. The mining community, male and female, are remarkably well dressed; and, as they come from the church, there is certainly no labouring class in England at all equal to them in appearance, for they are generally good-looking; working away from sun and wind, their complexions are never weather-beaten,

and often ruddy; they are naturally a cheerful people, and, after passing so many hours in subterranean darkness, they may well hail with delight the sunshine of the returning sabbath, and the sound of the bell by which they are summoned to seek rest and comfort in the temple of their God.

TREATMENT OF THE DEAD IN THIBET.

THE people of Thibet instead of burying or burning the bodies of the dead, throw them into a walled enclosure, that they may be devoured by birds of prey; but they hold an annual festival in honour of the deceased, which is thus described by Captain Turner.

On the 29th of October, as soon as evening drew on, and it became dark, a general illumination was displayed upon the summits of all the buildings in the monastery of Teshoo Loomboo, close to which was the Golgotha, if I may so call it, to which they convey their dead; the tops also of the houses upon the plain, as well as in the most distant villages, scattered among the clusters of willows, were in the same manner lighted up with lamps, exhibiting altogether, a brilliant and splendid spectacle. The night was dark, the weather calm, and the lights burned with a clear and steady flame. The Thibetians reckon these circumstances of the first importance, as, on the contrary, they deem it a most evil omen, if the weather be stormy, and their lights extinguished by the wind or rain.

It is worthy of notice, how materially an effect depends upon a previously-declared design, and how opposite the emotions may be, although produced by appearances exactly similar. In England, I had been accustomed to esteem general illuminations as the strongest expression of public joy; I now saw them exhibited as a solemn token of melancholy remembrance, an awful tribute of respect paid to the innumerable generations of the dead. The darkness of the night, the profound tranquillity and silence, interrupted only by the deep and slowly-repeated tones of the *nowbut*, trumpet, gong, and cymbal, at different intervals; the tolling of bells, and the loud monotonous repetition of sentences of prayer, sometimes heard when the instruments were silent; were all so calculated, by their solemnity, to produce serious reflection, that I really believe no human ceremony could have been contrived more effectually to impress the mind with sentiments of awe. In addition to this external token of solemn retrospect, acts of beneficence performed during this festival, are supposed to have peculiar merit, and all persons are called upon, according to their ability, to distribute alms, and to feed the poor.—TURNER'S *Embassy to Thibet*.

MATERNAL COURAGE.—As we passed through the streets of Nazareth, loud screams, as of a person frantic with rage and grief, drew our attention towards a miserable hovel, whence we perceived a woman issuing hastily, with a cradle, containing an infant. Having placed the child upon the area before her dwelling, she as quickly ran back again; we then perceived her beating something violently, all the while filling the air with the most piercing shrieks. Running to see what was the cause of her cries, we observed an enormous serpent, which she had found near her infant, and had completely despatched before our arrival. Never were maternal feelings more strikingly portrayed than in the countenance of this woman. Not satisfied with having killed the animal, she continued her blows until she had reduced it to atoms, unheeding any thing that was said to her, and only abstracting her attention from its mangled body, to rest, occasionally, a wild and momentary glance towards her child.—DR. E. D. CLARKE.

DR. JOHNSON was exceedingly disposed to the general indulgence of children, and was even scrupulously and ceremoniously attentive not to offend them. He was, however, full of indignation against such parents as delight to produce their young ones too early into the talking world, and was known to give a good deal of pain by refusing to hear the verses that children could recite, or the songs they could sing; particularly to one friend, who told him that his two sons should repeat Gray's *Elegy* to him alternately, that he might judge who had the happiest cadence. "No, pray, sir," said he, "let the little dears both speak it at once; more noise will by that means be made, and the noise will be sooner over."

MANUFACTURE OF MEERSCHAUM PIPES.

IN our road to Baladova, we passed several pits, wherein the Tartars dig that kind of fullers' earth called *keff-kil*, or *mineral froth*, named by the Germans *meerschaum*. This substance, before the capture of the Crimea, was a considerable article of commerce with Constantinople. It is often sold to German merchants for the manufacture of those beautiful tobacco-pipes, bearing the name of *écume de mer* among the French, and selling at enormous prices, even in our own country, after they have been long used, and thereby stained by the oil of tobacco.

The process necessary to the perfection of one of these pipes, with all its attendant circumstances, is really a curious subject. Since the interruption of commerce between the Crimea and Turkey, the clay requisite in their manufacture has been dug near the site of the ancient Iconium, in Anatolia. The first rude form is given to the pipes upon the spot where the mineral is found; here they are pressed within a mould, and laid in the sun to harden; afterwards they are baked in an oven, boiled in milk, and rubbed with soft leather. In this state they go to Constantinople, where there is a peculiar bazar, or khan, for the sale of them; they are then bought up by merchants, and sent by caravans to Pest, in Hungary.

Still the form of the pipe is large and rude. At Pest, a manufacturer begins to fit them for the German markets. They are there soaked for twenty-four hours in water, and then turned by a lathe. In this process, many of them, proving porous, are rejected. Sometimes only two or three out of ten are deemed worthy of further labour. From Pest they are conveyed to Vienna, and frequently mounted in silver. After this they are carried to the fairs of Leipsic, Frankfurt, Mannheim, and other towns upon the Rhine, where the best sell from three to five, and even seven pounds sterling each. When the oil of tobacco, after long smoking, has given them a fine porcelain yellow, or, which is more prized, a dark tortoise-shell hue, they have been known to sell for forty or fifty pounds of our money.

Their manner of digging *keff-kil* in the Crimea, is merely by opening a shaft in the ground, and then working till the sides begin to fall in; this soon happens, from the nature of the soil, when they open a new pit. A stratum of marl generally covers the *keff-kil*; through this they have to dig, sometimes to the depth of from eight to twelve fathoms. The layer of *keff-kil* seldom exceeds twenty-eight inches in thickness, and beneath it the marl occurs as before.—DR. E. D. CLARKE.

We should esteem virtue, though in a foe, and abhor vice, though in a friend.—ADDISON.

CONSCIENCE.—In the commission of evil, fear no man so much as thyself: another is but one witness against thee; thou art a thousand; another thou mayest avoid; thyself thou canst not. Wickedness is its own punishment.—CHARLES.

In a former number, we inserted some lines, entitled "HOPE," as the production of BISHOP HEBER, to whom they are attributed by mistake, in his life, by his widow. We have since ascertained, that they were written by CHAUNCEY HARE TOWNSEND, Esq.; and, in doing justice to the author, by repeating them according to his corrected copy, we are sure that the beauty of the poetry will excuse us to our readers.

AN EVENING THOUGHT.

REFLECTED in the lake, I love

To see the star of evening glow;

So tranquil in the Heav'n above,

So restless on the wave below.

Thus heavenly hope is all serene;

But earthly hope, how bright so'er,

Still fluctuates o'er this changing scene,

As false and fleeting as 'tis fair.

We have also been favoured with the following pleasing stanzas by the same writer.

A SUNDAY THOUGHT.

TIPP'D by the sun's emerging beams,

How bright the village spire;

Contrasted with yon cloud, it seems

A lamp of living fire.

So shines thy sun of mercy, Lord,

Affliction to illumine,

Reflected from thy holy word,

When all beside is gloom.

THE IDOLS OF THE SAXONS.

IV. WODEN.

ALTHOUGH the name of Woden is more celebrated than that of any other of the Saxon Idols, we know of very little that can be set down with certainty respecting his real history. By some writers he is considered to have been a personage of very high antiquity, and connected with Buddha, the Indian deity; by others he is supposed to be the same person as the famous *Odin* of the Danes and Norwegians, in whose rude and ancient verses he makes a striking figure. Our own poet, Gray, also composed a wild and beautiful ode, called *THE DESCENT OF ODIN*.

The tradition is, that *Odin* was a Scythian prince, who, about seventy years before the Christian period, conquered the Northern nations, made great changes in their government, manners, and religion; and, after receiving much honour during life, was, at his death, placed among the gods. His praises, as sounded in the chronicles of the north, are marked with all the unbounded folly of idolatrous times. They speak of him as the most eloquent and ingenious of men; they assign to him the introduction of the art of poetry among the Scandinavians, as well as the invention of the Runic characters*. He was styled the father of letters and the king of spells. He also made his followers believe, that he could run over the world in the twinkling of an eye: that he had the direction of the air and storms; that he could take all sorts of shapes, raise the dead, foretell things to come; deprive his enemies, by magic, of health and strength, and find at pleasure all the riches hidden in the earth. They add, that by his sweet musical strains, he could move the hills, and call up ghosts to stand motionless about him. He was equally awful in battle, changing himself, as it was pretended, into the form of a bear, a wild bull, a lion, or a snake, and thus making fearful havoc among his foes, without receiving a single wound himself.

Connected with this strange account of Woden, is the legend of *THE FATAL SISTERS*, which was the origin of Gray's poem bearing that title.

"On Christmas morning, somewhere in Scotland, in the eleventh century, a number of persons were seen on horseback, riding at full speed towards a hill, and seeming to enter into it. Curiosity led the spectator to the spot; when looking through an opening in the rocks, he saw twelve gigantic figures, resembling women: they were all employed about a loom; and as they wove, they sung a song of war, in which, each had her part allotted to her in a coming battle. The fight took place that very day, and in it a king was slain. When they had woven 'the crimson web of war,' they tore it into twelve pieces, and (each taking her portion,) galloped, six to the north, and six to the south. These were *Valkyriur*, female divinities, servants of *Odin* (or *Woden*.) Their name signifies *Choosers of the Slain*. They were mounted on swift horses, with drawn swords in their hands: and in the throng of battle, picked out such as were destined to slaughter, and carried them, after death, to *Valkalla*, the hall of *Odin*, or Paradise of the Brave, where they attended the banquet, and served the departed heroes with cups of horn full of mead† and ale." The following stanzas afford a specimen of the poem:—

* Runic is a term applied to the letters of the ancient northern nations. Some authors have derived it from an old Gothic word, *runf*, to cut; others from *ryn*, a furrow, or *ren*, a gutter or channel. As the Runic characters were first cut in wood or on rocks, this is a reasonable derivation. Again, as they were supposed to convey magical effects, and were good or bad, expressing weal or woe, as circumstances might be, the word has sometimes been derived from *ryne*, art or magic.

† MEAD, a Saxon word; a drink made of honey and water.

Ere the ruddy sun be set,
Pikes must shiver, javelins sing;
Blade with clattering buckler meet,
Hauberk crash, and helmet ring.

Horror covers all the heath,
Clouds of carnage blot the sun;
Sisters! weave the web of death:
Sisters! cease; the work is done.

Verstegan's description of the idol is as follows: "The next was the idol *Woden*, who, as by his picture here set down, was made armed, and among our Saxon ancestors, esteemed and honoured for their god of battle, according as the Romans reputed and honoured their god Mars." [The Romans, however, seem sometimes to have called him Mercury: and Wednesday is at this day written in Latin, *Dies Mercurii*, or *Mercury's day*. But the character they give him, is like that of Mars, warlike and ferocious; and he may justly be compared to the Mars of the Romans.]

"He was, while he lived among them, a most valiant and victorious prince and captain; and this idol was, after his death, honoured, prayed, and sacrificed unto, that by his aid, they might obtain victory over their enemies, which, when they had obtained, they sacrificed unto him such prisoners, as in battle they had taken.



WODEN.

The name *Woden*, signifies *fierce*, or *furios*; and in like sense we yet retain it, saying, when one is in a great rage, that he is *Woody*, or taketh on as if he were wood. And after this idol, we do yet call that day of the week, *WEDNESDAY*, instead of *WODNESDAY*, upon which he was chiefly honoured. In sundry places, the Pagan Saxons erected idols, especially Woden; which places do yet in England, retain their appellation; as at *WOODNESBOROUGH*, in Kent, *WEDNESBURY*, and *WEDNESFIELD*, in Staffordshire."

In the first of the places thus pointed out, (*Woodnesborough*, pronounced *Winsborough*, near Sandwich, an image of Woden is supposed to have stood. This village is remarkable for an ancient artificial mound, of considerable height, under which some curious remains, seemingly Roman, were discovered.

In continuing the notices of these strange abominations, we find the subject embracing some curious matter respecting our Anglo-Saxon ancestors, which we trust will be interesting to our readers. In addition to this, gratitude must be excited in the mind, at the present day, on looking back to the awful state of

thralldom in which the minds of Britons were once held, by a horrible and degrading superstition, and from which they are happily delivered by God's inestimable gift to man,—the Gospel of purity and peace.

CHARADE, BY WINTHROP M. PRAED, ESQ

UNCOUTH was I of face and form,
But strong to blast and blight,
By pestilence and thunder-storm,
By famine and by fight;
Not a warrior went to the battle-plain,
Not a pilot steered the ship,
That did not look in toil and pain,
For an omen of havoc and hurricane,
To my dripping brow and lip.
Within my Second's dark recess,
In silent pomp I dwelt;
Before the mouth in lowliness,
My rude adorer knelt;
And ever the shriek ran loud within,
And ever the red blood ran;
And amid the sin, and smoke, and din,
I sat with changeless, endless grin,
Forging my First for man!
My priests are rotting in their grave,
My shrine is silent now;
There is no victim in my cave,
No crown upon my brow;
Nothing is left but dust and clay,
Of all that was divine;
My name and my memory pass away,
But the dawn and dusk of one fair day,
Are called by mortals mine.

[For an answer, we refer our readers to a paper in the present Number.]

ANECDOTE OF A HIGHLANDER.

MACQUEEN, the Laird of *Pollochcock*, a small estate in the north of Scotland, is said to have killed the last wolf that infested that district, though he himself was alive within the last fifty years. Tradition reports him to have been nearer seven than six feet high, proportionably built, and active as a roebuck. The story told is this:—a poor woman, crossing the mountains with two children, was attacked by the wolf, and her infants devoured, while she escaped with difficulty to *Moughall*. The chief of *Mackintosh* hearing of this, ordered his vassals to assemble the next day at twelve o'clock, to proceed in a body to destroy the wolf. *Pollochcock*, who was one of those vassals, and possessed of gigantic strength and determined courage, was eagerly looked for to take the lead in the enterprise.

The hour came, and all were assembled except him in whom they most trusted. Unwilling to go without him, the impatient chief fretted and fumed through the hall, till at length, about an hour after the appointed time, in stalked *Pollochcock*, dressed in his full highland attire: "I am little used to wait thus for any man," exclaimed the chafed chieftain, "and still less for thee, *Pollochcock*, especially when such game is afoot as we are bouned after!" "What sort o game are ye after, *Mackintosh*?" said *Pollochcock*, simply. "The wolf, sir," replied *Mackintosh*; "did not my messenger instruct you." "Ou, aye, that's true," answered *Pollochcock*, with a good-humoured smile; "troth I had forgotten; but, an that be all," continued he, groping with his right hand among the folds of his plaid, "there is the wolf's head!" and he held out the grim and bloody head of the monster at arm's length.

"As I came through the hollow," continued he, as if talking of some every-day occurrence, "I forgathered wi the beast; my long dog there turned him; I buckled with him, and dirkit him, and brought away his countenance, for fear he might come alive again, for they are very precarious creatures." "My noble *Pollochcock*!" cried the chief in ecstasy, "the deed was worthy of thee! In memorial of thy hardihood, I here bestow upon thee *Scaunachauk*, to give meal for thy good greyhound in all time coming."—SIR THOMAS DICK LAUDER.

* Or "the old field," a field near the land of *Pollochcock*.

MODERATION is the silken string running through the pearl-chain of all virtues.—BISHOP HALL.

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